



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

IN THE WAYLAND WILLOWS.

Once I met a soncy maid,
Soncy maid, soncy maid,
Once I met a soncy maid
In the Wayland willows.

All her hair was goldy brown,
Goldy brown, goldy brown,
In the sun a single braid
To her waist hung down.

Honey bees, honey bees,
You are roving fellows.
Idly went the doxy wind
In the Wayland willows.

Then I caught her eye a' dance,
Through the catkins downy.
"Heigh-o, Brownie-pate," said I;
"Heigh-o," said my Brownie.

There I kissed my soncy maid,
Soncy maid, soncy maid,
Kissed and kissed my soncy maid
In the Wayland willows.

Goldy eyes and goldy hair
And little gypsy bosom,
Chin and lip and shoulder tip,
Blossom after blossom!

Hand in hand and cheek to cheek
All the morning weather!
How the yellow butterflies
Danced and winked together:

Till the day went down the hill,
Where the shadows waded.
"Heigh-o, Soncy!" "Heigh-o, me!"
Then I did as day did.

All her tousled beauty bright
And teasing as before,
I left her there in sweet despair,
A soncy maid no more.

BLISS CARMAN.